

sult to our intelligence that a man should preach to us, and expect us to accept his religion, when he himself is unable to give any real reason for supposing our religion to be inferior to his own, since he knows of our religion nothing at all."

3. *Ability to reason intelligently with objectors*, who are open honestly troubled over some of the great mysteries of our blessed faith, is another important qualification. Questions of the most tremendous import are often fairly hurried, one after the other, upon the missionary.

4. *Regarding the great fundamental truths of Christianity*, the young missionary should have definite, settled views. We cannot afford to export doubt to foreign countries. Those lands have enough, and more than enough, religious speculation of their own. Faith and a system of vital truth, as opposed to doubt and profitless speculation, must be the substance of our message. In a very real sense must the messenger speak that which he knows, and testify of those things which he has seen. If it be otherwise, how pitiable is his blind attempt to lead the blind!

Missionaries should, therefore, as a rule, be thoroughly educated men and women. The best natural gifts disciplined and developed by the training of years are in demand. Let there be no short cuts to the mission-field. Several years of literary and theological training seem long to those whose hearts are throbbing with enthusiasm for Christ, and who contemplate with horror the rapid rate at which the unevangelized millions are passing into eternity without having heard of the world's Savior; but they must be content to wait while God is fashioning them into workmen who need not to be ashamed. Every truth mastered now will count for something by and by.

The Church has arrived at a crisis in the progress of her work among the nations. Lands long closed have been freed from every obstacle. Men and women now stand only waiting to be sent. The hour has struck, but the church is not on time. I have the confidence that the Church will not shrink and falter long.—*Missionary Review*.

Christian Life

Cheerfulness

New York Observer.

One of the first "fruits of the Spirit" that the world expects to see manifested in every Christian life is cheerfulness. It is justly asserted by worldly minded people that if we as Christians fully believe that we are safe for time and eternity, such faith should bring to our hearts a piece and joy so sublime that a gloomy moment would be unknown to us.

And why not be cheerful? Surely if there is a person on earth who should be cheerful it is the man or woman who has, by faith in our divine Master, become a child of God,

and, therefore, an heir to, and partaker in, all the promises and blessings that must be ours as sure as God's word is true. We all like the man whose cheerfulness is not dependent upon the weather or the condition of the market. Happy is the home, and the church, and the community, that is blessed by such persons. The cheerful, joyous Christian is like a ray of Heavenly sunshine, no matter where he may be found. Worldly disadvantages have no terrors for him. In fact, some of the happiest people on earth are those who, although hidden in some obscure corner, are faithfully doing their duty every moment of every day, and singing while they do it. Let us resolve that we will show a cheerful face, no matter how dark the clouds may be that gather around us, and thus show to the world that we have an indwelling peace that passeth all understanding?

Patience

T. R. THOMPSON

Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him.
Psalm 37:7.

When out at sea one stormy day
We had to furl all sail;
And "lie to," as the sailors say,
Whilst riding out a gale.
It meant hold on; hold fast; hold out.
The captain whispered: "Wait,
Be patient, we will come about
When wind and waves abate."

Dear storm tossed soul, look up and pray.
Hold on; hold fast; hold out.
You'll find thru what may seem delay
Rich blessings come about.
Development is sometimes slow,
In patience there is power.
Just wait on God, be still, and grow
More trustful hour by hour.

—*New York Observer*.

Yesterday, To-day and Forever

Maltbie D. Babcock.

When Paul wrote the words to the Corinthians about the One who "delivered, who doth deliver, and who will deliver," he parsed his words in the first person singular, past, present, and future tenses. Is not the verb, and the man himself, too, a kind of paradigm, to steady and uplift us? You have been delivered. God blotted out the handwriting of ordinances against you, blotted out as a cloud your transgressions, and for His name's sake. That is past.

Look around now, in the present. What temptations, what tasks, what trials! Yes; but listen: "My grace is sufficient for thee." "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." "Who doth deliver."

Look ahead, a little way, or a long way. "In whom we trust that He will yet deliver us." He has helped countless of His children through, and brought them safely home. Doubt not, but say in your heart, "And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom." Give your whole mind, then, to hopeful, trustful thoughts, and your strength to conscientious work and loving service. You

have nothing to be anxious about. You are the timeless, deathless possession of God, and He is abundantly able to take care of you.

The Fulness of Christ

Rev. C. C. Hall.

I recall the wonder and delight with which I saw the ocean tide come up the Bay of Fundy and fill the empty river-beds. Thru the hours of the ebb, the Nova Scotian rivers dwindled and shrank within their banks. Broad and barren reaches of sand exposed themselves; ships listed heavily on their sides, deserted by the feeble stream trickling in mid-channel. Then came the tide up the Bay of Fundy, up from the abundance of the unfathomable sea. You could hear it coming with a distant sound of motion and life and unmeasured power. You could see it coming, with a pure white girdle of foam, that looked in sunlight like a zone of fire. You could smell it coming with the smell of freshness, the breath of coolness, the waft of far-off scents from breeze blown ocean leagues. You could almost feel it coming, for the heart stirred at the sight of it, and the pulse quickened at the rush of it, and the joy of strength arose in the soul. It came from the mighty fulness that could afford to give so grandly; it came from the opulence of an ocean that could spend itself without fear of poverty, that could pour itself out to fill a thousand rivers, yet be not diminished; it came, as Arnold said, "with murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." It entered the river-bed; it filled the empty channel as one fills a pitcher at the fountain; it covered the barren sands with motion and sparkling life; it lifted the heavy ships, gave back to them their rights of buoyancy, set them free upon the broad waterway of world wide opportunity; it changed the very face of the land from sadness and apathy and dulness to animation and color and glittering activity. So Christ comes into empty human lives, and fills them with His fulness, which is the very fulness of God. So stops the ebb of power, entering with His flood of strength. The difference between a life without Christ and a life with Christ is the difference between ebb and flood; the one is growing emptier, the other is growing fuller.

Prayer and Power

Horace L. Hastings.

The worldlings may succeed in life by carefulness, by skill, by intelligence, and by force: but in the work of God no man can succeed without prayer. No human power can effect the changes and accomplish the work required in the service of God. There is a superhuman work to be done, and a superhuman energy is required for its accomplishment. To be prayerless is to be powerless.

Multitudes of men and ministers may trace their failure to their prayerlessness. They are eloquent, but they do not pray. They are enterprising, but they do not frequent